

O'BRIEN & SLEATOR
ALPENA COUNTY
ABSTRACT OFFICE
GENERAL
Real Estate Dealers
Money Loaned on Real Estate Security

Alpena Argus

VOL. XXIII, NO. 19.

ALPENA, MICH., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1893.

WHOLE NO. 1163.

O. L. PARTRIDGE.

Real Estate Agent

Rooms 4, 5, Davison Block.

Will take charge of estates for residents and non-residents, collect rents, pay taxes, place insurance, obtain abstracts of title, etc.

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Hardware!

Cheaper than you ever bought it before? You can buy goods at the old store of H. G. Beach at WHOLESALE PRICES. Goods are going; if you want them call and get prices. Mr. Beach will be on hand to give you prices that cannot be met in Alpena.

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GENERAL

BLACKSMITH!

HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY.

417 Chisholm Street.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY

Wanted Young Men to learn

HUMOROUS.

The "bill-board makes an actor glad; his board bill makes him tired.—Philadelphia Record.

The world's fair will be held this winter in the same old way—on the knees.—Chicago Dispatch.

It is the restaurant keeper who conducts business on a hand to mouth basis.—Lowell Courier.

Speaking of coincidences, it is worthy of remark that kiss, miss and bliss rhyme felicitously.—Boston Courier.

Law sometimes mixes tenses inexplicably. For instance, a transgressor is never fined if he is found.—Kate Field's Washington.

When a woman is too busy to glance over an old story in a paper when she is cleaning house, she is terrible busy.—Athenian Globe.

"Is your daughter fond of the piano, Hicks?" "No; she's very unkind to our piano. She beats it two hours a day at least."—Harper's Bazar.

Wife—"The doctor says I need a change of climate." Husband—"Well, the sky looks as if we'd have it in a few hours."—New York Weekly.

Yager—"I made one ringing speech in my life, anyway." Chorus (derisively)—"Where, when?" Yager—"The night I proposed to Mrs. Yager."—Buffalo Courier.

Mrs. Snuggs—"What a noise that donkey makes when he brays!" Mr. Snuggs—"Yes, and yet some class donkeys among the dumb animals."—Pittsburg Telegraph.

You have no Burke's Peetrage in this country," said Lord Bronsonberry to Miss Sarkie Perkins. "Nope," said Miss Perkins, we have only the rogues' gallery."—Truth.

"She has a very fine voice; has she ever sung for you?" "No." "Have you pressed her?" "Have I pressed her? I think, my friend, you are a little too inquisitive."—Ex.

By the way, why wouldn't an illuminative clock be a good thing for a man who finds time hanging heavily on his hands? It certainly makes the hours lighter.—Buffalo Courier.

Matrimonial agent—"The registry fee, sir, in five marks."

Client—"What do you mean? If I had five marks do you think I should want to get married?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mrs. Wickley—"I can't for the life of me see why you think she's a remarkable woman. I—Mr. Wickley—"She can remember the trump through an entire game of cards."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Passer-by—"I thought you were blind?"

Mendicant—"Well, boss, times is so hard, and competition is so great, that even a blind man has to keep his eyes open, if he wants to do any business at all."—Puck.

Upstreet—"They tell me Skiggles has at last broken into the domain of literature." Yager—"Er—yes; that is what you might call it. He's been appointed assistant janitor at the public library."—Buffalo Courier.

Stodious boy (writing a composition)—"Should we say a man marries a woman, or a woman marries a man?" Father—"I should think that depends a good deal on whether the woman was a widow."—New York Press.

Whatebbah you does," said Uncle Eben to his eldest boy, "doan be acastic. Er man dat keeps allus tryin' ter shoot Folly ez she flies run er heap o' resk ob bein' hurt by de kick ob his own guh."—Washington Star.

"I have enough to support you, Ethel. Will you be my wife?" "Well, Charlie, you must excuse me if I am cautious. But you say you have enough to support me. Who is going to support you?"—Harper's Bazar.

He asked fair Janett's father for her hand,

And swore the maid he truly, madly loved;

But, later on, he swore in other ways

To learn how much it cost to keep it gloved.—Harper's Bazar.

"You think you are bright," said the window pane to the mirror, "but you only give out some one else's reflections." "It is easy enough to see through you," retorted the mirror. "You are envious of me because I have a coat to my back and you haven't."—Indianapolis Journal.

Babies

ought to be fat. Give the Thin Babies a chance. Give them

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, and watch them grow Fat, Chubby, Healthy, Bright. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes! Prepared by Scott & Borne, N. Y. All Druggists. Sold by J. T. Rootwick.



Frank C. Holmes,

Groceries,

Provisions,

Flour and Feed,

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Canned Goods.

Lowest Prices.

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Dealer in Foreign and American

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Cut Building Stone, Marble and Slate Mantels and Grates.

Prices as low as any to be had in Michigan.

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ALSO

GENERAL BLACKSMITH.

Wagons, Carriages, etc., Repainted in

First Class Manner.

All Work Warranted.

Corner of Third and Chisholm Streets.

How to Manage a Pig.

At midnight the summons came. Maria Ann thrust her elbow cleverly between two of my ribs, and whispered in ghostly accents:

"Joshua, there is a pig in the garden!" I have lived long enough to know that she expects me to catch her ideas instantly, and though she had not said anything about it, I knew that she anticipated that I would immediately rise and go for the pig. I accordingly rose in my night and began groping for my clothes. I felt that without them I could not appear to that advantage that would command the respect of the pig.

I had no idea we possessed so much wearing apparel until I began an inventory of it in the dark while looking for my trousers. I got hold of articles with edging and articles with flounces and with embroidery, and with strings, while Maria kept whispering through the gloom:

"That pig will eat up all the potatoes before you get downstairs. You are fearfully slow."

I suppose she whispered for fear the pig would hear and become offended. She never could bear to give offense to any one, not even to a pig, excepting me. All this time I was trying on things that did not fit me, but finally I got into some sort of a garment that had what was intended for a couple of buttons on it, and I buttoned it up, although there was a light and airy cheerfulness about it that did not seem entirely familiar.

I got half downstairs, when it suddenly occurred to me that the pig was not in our garden, for the very good reason that we had no garden for a pig to get into; still, we had a cistern, and the pig might get into that.

This thought so startled me that I rolled to the bottom of the stairs, a feat made easier from the fact that I seemed to be pretty well tangled up in the garment I had adopted. Maria Ann, who always proves equal to the emergency, soothed me a good deal by coming to the top of the stairs and calling me an idiot, and other pet titles she is in the way of applying in moments of tenderness.

I got out of the front door as soon as possible, and the pig, who was looking at the house from the front yard, apparently with a view to renting it, stood appalled. I did not wonder at this. In my haste in dressing I had inadvertently put on Maria Ann's petticoat, and it stands to reason that a man arrayed in a white nightshirt and blue petticoat, rushing from the front door of a house at the solemn hour of midnight, must present an appalling spectacle to any pig.

After recovering from his momentary astonishment, the pig took three more kinks in his tail, and scooted three times round the yard. The gate was wide open, but he never thought of going through that. He seemed to be looking for a place to jump over the wall. I tangled myself up in the petticoat again, and took a flying leap into the yard, landing on my left eyebrow.

We do not give woman half the credit they deserve. I am convinced that it requires more downright genius to pilot a petticoat cut with darts in the back and trimmed with knife-pleating than it does to manage a bank. The pig ran round the yard three times more in the opposite direction, with four kinks in his tail.

I am slow to wrath, but I am afraid I was beginning to get angry, and when I went round the house and got a hatchet, I am sorry to confess that it was with a firm purpose to kill that pig or die in the attempt. I don't think the pig had noticed the wood-shed until I went there for the hatchet, but when I returned to the front yard he immediately retired to the wood-shed, and then I knew I had him.

Maria had by this time recovered her presence of mind, and had got her head out of a front window upstairs, and was yelling "Fire!" with all her might, and in a way calculated to be of inestimable service to me. All I needed to spur me on to glory was someone to yell "Fire!"

I entered the wood-shed cautiously, and found the pig completely at my mercy, unless he made a hole through the kitchen door and escaped that way. He did not do that. On the contrary, he rushed right at me.

I stepped back rather hastily, not because he scared me, but to prevent him tearing my petticoat.

The Keystone Watch

Case Co. of Philadelphia, the largest watch case manufacturing concern in the world, is now putting upon the Jas. Boss Filled and other cases made by it, a bow (ring) which cannot be twisted or pulled off the watch.

It is a sure protection against the pickpocket and the many accidents that befall watches fitted with the old-style bow, which is simply held in by friction and can be twisted off with the fingers. It is called the

Non-pull-out

and CAN ONLY BE HAD with cases bearing their trade mark—Sold only through watch dealers, without extra charge. Ask any jeweler for pamphlet, or send to the manufacturers.

Sold by J. T. Rootwick.

HUMPHREYS'

This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine.

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used for years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures; Fistula in Ano; Worms of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

Cures Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contractions from Burns. The relief is instant. Cures ROLLS, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurf or Scald Head. It is infallible. Cures INFLAMED or CANKERED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable. Trial size, 50 Cents. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price.

HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 WILSON ST., NEW YORK.

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FRUITS,

All Kinds.

VEGETABLES,

Every Variety,

PROVISIONS,

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Everything Best Quality.

Harrington & Pratt,

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Every Day.

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Apply to ALGER, SMITH & CO.,

Black River, Michigan.

am always careful to keep pigs off my petticoat, so far as is possible. There was a washtub full of suds behind me, and as I stepped back out of the way of the pig, in a fit of absent-mindedness, I sat in that tub.

It may seem curious, but my recollection now is that the tub fitted me a good deal more snugly than the petticoat had, and yet I had never tried that tub on before in all my born days. The only way out of the tub was to tip it over and float out on the suds, and that I did at once.

Maria, still true to me in my affliction, opened the kitchen door, and with her face full of wifely anxiety, and surrounded by a night-cap frill, and her mouth wide open, really looked like a saint or something, but she was remarking "Murder!" at the time, and her voice so startled the pig that he ran over me before I could get out of the suds.

How he managed to step on me thirty-two times in running over me once is a mystery both to Maria Ann and myself, but he did, because we counted the spots his hoofs made.

After running over me he walked out of the front gate as solemnly as though he was on his way to church, and it is my sober belief that he came into the yard on purpose to run over me, and for nothing else.

Maria Ann declares that she won't wear that petticoat any more, and I am tolerably sure I shall not, if I know it.—Ex.

How Booth Prayed.

"Speaking of Edwin Booth," said an old lady, "reminds me of a story my husband used to tell me of a memorable encounter with the elder Booth. He (my husband) was traveling on horseback through the south before our marriage, when stress of weather made him take refuge in the home of a great actor. He was ensconced in the guest-chamber for the night, and was just dropping off to sleep, as his unlocked door slowly opened. He started up to see his host enter, bearing aloft a candle that cast a sickly ray across the bed. Advancing with measured tread, he asked, in a low, deep voice:

"Have you prayed to-night?"

"The guest admitted that his devotions had been missed.

"Rise, kneel by that bedside, and say the Lord's prayer," was the next speech. Impressed by his manner, my husband tumbled out of bed, fell on his knees, and repeated the words of the prayer.

"Is that all you can make out of the grandest utterance in literature?" cried Booth.

"And he dropped upon his knees, put his palms together, and then, my husband used to say, in a voice of surpassing strength and melody, began his supplication, giving to the familiar sentences such depths of eloquence and such richness of meaning as they had never possessed for him before."—N. Y. Times.

Journalism.

Lectures on journalism are becoming abundant. It goes without saying that nineteen times out of twenty they are by those who know nothing of their subject experimentally, but know all about it theoretically. And oh, how beautifully they do talk! But if they'll only take a little hack at it in a practical, day-in-and-day-out sort of way, they'll find that Journalism means something else than spider-web rainbows and pansy beds, or we'll lose our guess. We have never known a case where actual experience with book canvassers, committees who want a lot of free advertising in the editorial columns "for the good of the cause, you know," etc., etc., ever failed to leave its impress of stern logic. Those who presume to instruct journalists and the public on the duties and responsibilities of journalism, and all that sort of pretty talk, would see some things, at least, a little differently, if they'd only get down from their high horse and take a hand at journalism themselves.—Milford Journal.

The following anecdote describes as unpleasant a predicament as a man could well be placed in:

When Anthony Trollope was a young clerk in the post office, he made the acquaintance of a girl in the country who determined to marry him whether he liked it or not. He declined to do so, and then, he tells us in his autobiography: "At last the mother appeared at the post office. My hair almost

stands on my head now as I remember the figure of the woman walking into the big room in which I sat with six or seven other clerks, having a large basket on her arm and an immense bonnet on her head. The messenger had vainly endeavored to persuade her to remain in the ante-room. She followed the man in, and walking up the centre of the room, addressed me in a loud voice, 'Anthony Trollope, when are you going to marry my daughter?' We have all had our worst moments, and that was one of my worst. I lived through it however, and did not marry the young lady."

Far and Wide.

Not on this broad continent alone, but in malarial breeding tropical regions, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America, the Isthmus of Panama, and elsewhere, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords to inhabitants and adjourers protection against malarial fevers of the stomach, liver and bowels, fortifies those who use it against rhe